

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



"MERRY NIGHT," BY LA TOUCH.
On exhibition, Knoedler Galleries.

JUST by way of civility it becomes necessary to give a little review to the sculpture on exhibition in the Winter Academy. Nothing in the way of criticism will be attempted. The works on display scarcely invite it. They never do invite it at Winter Academies.

The fact is our astute sculptors know perfectly well upon which side their bread is buttered, and are well aware of the handicap that is placed upon sculptures when shown in a room with pictures. The great mob unconcernedly pushes by them, imagining that they are part of the gallery's furnishing, and they are so far from being in the sculptural mood when pictures cover the walls that it has to be something startlingly unsculptural like the "Turtle Baby" by Edith Barretto Parsons or the "Water Nymph" by C. Percival Dietrich that causes them to "stop, look, listen."

There is still another and a far more knowing reason why sculptors

do not roll their chef d'œuvres down hill into the Academy. It is because they prefer to hold them back for the Architectural League exhibition that follows. I am not sure that I ought to tell the general public the reason why sculptors prefer the Architectural League to the Academy. It is so practical a reason that a practical nation like ours, if it would be consistent, ought to appreciate it. I don't think after all it would do any harm to tell. Here's the reason: Lots of architects attend the Architectural League exhibition, they come here from Perth Amboy, Philadelphia, and points even further south, and the sculptors like to have the architects see their work.

You see, it is so important that a sculptor should make friends among the architects. It is absolutely necessary for sculptors to know architects. I hate to be crude, but if you do not yet grasp the idea, then know that it is the architect who gives out jobs! D'you see?

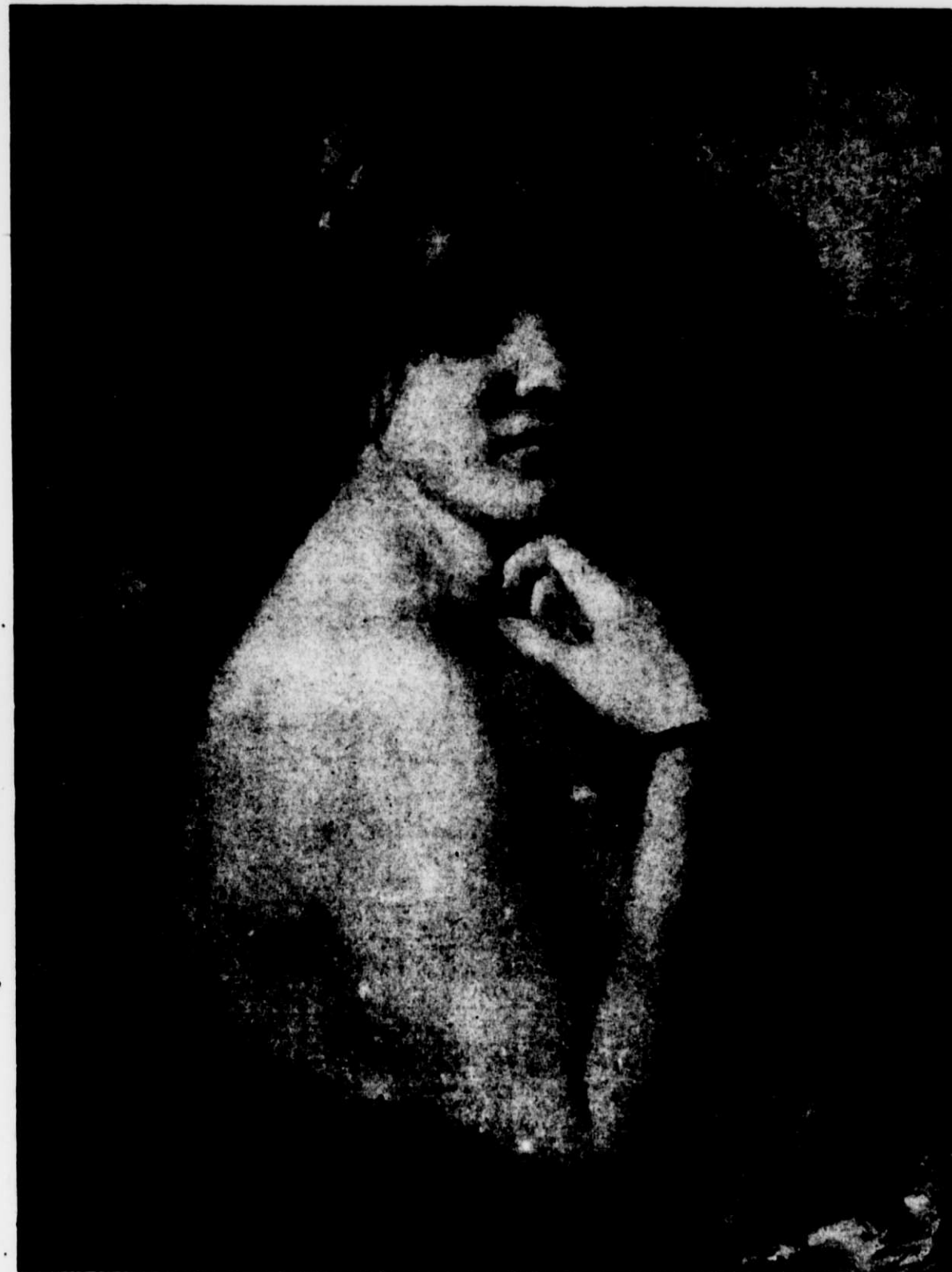


"STILL LIFE WITH FIGURE OF CUPID," BY PAUL CÉZANNE.
On exhibition at Montross Galleries.

Restricted Art Advertising

Admitted on this page at 45 cts per line; 5c per line additional when top or bottom is guaranteed. Minimum space, 20 lines; no heavy gothic nor other black type; no heavy borders exceeding three points, which is available only for two more inches. Copy Required 10 Days in Advance

Charles Grafty's bronze bust of Frank Duveneck, whose medal of honor at the Panama-Pacific Exposition called attention anew to the fine work this painter did years ago, would have shown to advantage, however, in an Architectural League exhibition. This admirable sculptor from Philadelphia is not as well known in New York as he should be, and seldom exhibits here, which, of course, is our loss and Philadelphia's gain. He is a good workman, and, what is rare among sculptors, seems to be somewhat of a thinker. While



"WOMAN WITH BLACK RIBBON," BY BESNARD.
On exhibition, Knoedler Galleries.

his work does not positively offend with intellectuality ("cerebral") is not the first adjective that pops into one's head when describing it, it is always evident in his figure pieces that Grafty is an artist who ponders over the mystery of life and death.

There is a background of seriousness to his work that is in marked contrast to much of the current shallowness. Then, too, he always embodies in his sculptures something of the quality that is native to these shores, the quality that I am always in search of and which I will celebrate through a megaphone if only so much of it as the size of a mustard seed be found!

I am so desirous of discovering an artist over whom I may brag to my European friends, "See, I shall say, 'here's an American. This couldn't have been produced anywhere but

here. This is our country. This is us. Isn't it great?" And when that happens the proud Europeans will cease from smiling in their sleeves at our boasts of Whistler and Sargent (for we may as well admit that those two wore their American veneers to an extreme thinness).

It's so long since I've done any real boasting. Being an American, I feel the necessity every once in a while to brag. We certainly put a real one over on them when we produced Winslow Homer. And the Europeans know all about Walt Whitman and Herman Melville, you may be sure. But I want another one to fight for.

But doubtless you, gentle reader, would like to hear more of the Academy sculptures! We have wandered somewhat afield. As I was saying, Mr. Grafty is American. In a portrait bust, of course, there is not

much opportunity to introduce the special tendencies that preoccupy Grafty the artist; but it is a sterling work, a robust account of a virile personality. The only quarrel with it is a distant one in the manner in which the base has been finished off. It dates probably from some years ago, when all sculptors thought they had to finish off the bases of portrait busts in that cumbersome style.

When I have told you of the Grafty bust my work as a reviewer, from my own point of view, is done. I take it for granted that you will go to the exhibition yourself, and that you will browse around like the highly intelligent person that you are, indulging all the whimsicalities of your personal tastes to the limit, a proclivity and a right of yours which I wouldn't interfere with for the world. My duty is to discuss the things that are difficult or are like to prove diverse opinion, and to discuss them in a manner to help you to reach your own feeling in the matter. It is also necessary to enlarge upon works, like the Grafty bust, which have quiet merits that sometimes escape the more impassioned seekers for the beautiful. There will not be diverse opinions, however, upon most of the sculpture shown. On the contrary, great unanimity of opinion will prevail.

Daniel C. French's "Spirit of Life," Mrs. Burroughs's "Acquiescence," Mrs. Sara Morris Green's "Eve" and Miss Scudder's "Femina Victorix" have all been seen before in various exhibitions in dealers' galleries, and so are not making genuine first appearances.

Mr. French's figure, which is a study for his Spencer Trask Memorial, is the most agreeable he has shown for some time. It is pretty, it is sweet, it has a certain charm; but it is not deep. It has a pleasant sweep of lines and the gesture is one of much grace. The whole thing has been accomplished with ease, and there is a certainty about the management of the draperies and about the composition that is the result of long practice. All that is in the work, though, is readily discernible at the first glance.

Several glances are necessary for Miss Scudder's "Femina Victorix," for not every viewpoint for her small figure is the best. I prefer both the

"Eve." But there is no shadow of doubt but that they are handsomer than at any other period of the world's history.

A Japanese journalist, M. B. Banno, war correspondent of the *Mai Nacht*, recently visited the trenches on the French frontier and wrote his impressions for the magazine *Renaissance*. "We entered," he said, "the subterranean dining room of a Colonel, where there was a quite extraordinary mural decoration. The Colonel was represented on horseback, with his ordnance officer, his two secretaries carrying great pens on their shoulders, the painter himself charged with his painting materials, and all the officers of the regiment, including one of tiny build, who doubting his ability to keep up with the procession clutched at the overcoat of his neighbor. All, it seems, are good likenesses. The author of this composition is a *prix de Rome*, but how he accomplished the work, or with what colors, I do not know. This painting, so significant of the epoch, should be preserved; and I hope it will be, for it is admirable."

The new Whitney-Richards Art

queerly drawn but so vibrant with life, that first were talked about are now mostly owned by collectors. Cézanne, however, was one of the most honest painters that ever lived, and every canvas he ever touched is full of personality. The younger element in the art world will be sure to be deeply interested in the collection that has been brought across the seas by the Montross Galleries.

The Manet "Music Lesson" will doubtless be the bright particular star of the Impressionist and post-Impressionist work in the Knoedler Galleries. It will give pleasure, but probably without causing excitement. Manet is too well accepted for that. There will be more concern over the atmospheric and serious works by Carrière, by the Gauguin portrait head, by the Cézannes, for the Knoedler Gallery will also have some Cézannes; by the La Touche pictures and by Vallard and Bonnard. Simon, who is well remembered here, is represented by several characteristic performances, and there is also something by Signac, the pointillist, whose watercolors sold so well in the International Show in the armory.

"There is nothing perplexing about



"HEAD OF A MAN," BY GAUGUIN.
On exhibition, Knoedler Galleries.

Galleries on the entresol of the Holland House have opened with an exhibition of the work of George Bellows, including four paintings never before shown here.

The event really doesn't seem to call for a discussion of Mr. Bellows so much as of the new galleries. It may be said at once that they are in excellent taste and very well adapted to picture showing. The walls are in pleasant French gray and there are just enough pieces of old gilded carvings around to give the place an air. Mr. Bellows, on the contrary, is so much discussed! The reviewers have the pleasant task quite recently of praising the portraits he sent to the Macdowell Club show, but before the printer's ink was dry the painful duty was forced upon them of disapproving of his contributions to the Academy. Mr. Bellows goes up and down in the affections of the critics. Just at present, no doubt, he hates critics. I shall risk getting myself still further disliked by confessing that I do not like the thumbs upon the hands of the ladies in his new portraits. I don't believe those ladies had such thumbs. In these days of palmistry and mantrix every body knows everything about thumbs. Character is just as evident in them as in the face, and if artists are going to do them at all they should do them well. If the artist feels a little lazy or if the thumb really doesn't deserve publicity then a little blurry shadow will indicate that it was there, but not for criticism. If it be registered, however, in a bold, decided, wrong line that shocks one to the vitals then the suffering critics are compelled to protest.

It may be that Mr. Bellows does too much. Certainly he exhibits a great deal, and to the outsider it would appear that so incessant a production would scarce leave the artist time for living. It's the man behind the paint brush that counts. He has a brain and a soul that must be fed with experiences. He must accumulate an ocean of important feelings and ideas among which to select choice bits for the public. Any artist must have in him the possibilities for more than he is called upon to perform. To plant a model in front of a screen and paint three-quarter lengths day in and out scarcely seems the surest way to acquire reserve force.

But I am not going to worry at great length about Mr. Bellows. I am not liking him much this week, but I liked him a fortnight ago, and perhaps a fortnight hence he'll have another exhibition which will compel us all to sit up and take notice.

The Cézanne exhibition in the Montross Galleries and the work of the French Impressionists in Knoedler's, both of which shows open to the public this week, are sure to interest many and to leave an impress upon the season. Cézanne is already an ancient history in Europe, and it is now no longer possible to make a complete enough exhibition to set the town on ears, as London was upset years ago. The fresh canvases, so

the Altman canvas," says Bernard Newman in the *Dwight's Art* in America speaking of the "Holy Family" in the Metropolitan Museum. "It is what it is; not at all one of Mantegna's greatest achievements, but a typical work of his last few years, when his hand was beginning to fail slightly and his color to grow hot. In other respects he is seen at his Roman, pagan, imperial self. "The picture in question represents the Empress of Heaven seated a little sideways against an arbor of golden fruit, while the infant clings to her. On one side a male bust of Roman aspect represents St. Joseph and on the other a most fascinating, even alarming, female face, answering better to the visual images evoked by Catullus than by the Gospels, is perhaps intended by Mantegna for the Magdalen.

"The drawing of the Child's head is a little out, the contour of His shoulder rather functionless; the hands are a trifle wooden. These defects are due to the slackness of old age. Nevertheless the work as a whole could scarcely be more characteristic. Its coloring is the typically warm—overwarm—of his last years. Its drawing, despite slight slackness, is no less quintessentially his.

"Mantegna, more Cinquecento in amplitude than any other 'Holy Family' of Mantegna's, yet clings close to precedents, and in details varies but slightly from similar works of his last fifteen years. Thus as composition it is closest of all to the Verona 'Holy Family,' one of the earlier of his latest paintings. The motif of the cushion takes us back to a much earlier work still, the 'Madonna With Two Saints' of the Andre Collection. On the other hand, the Virgin in the Altman canvas goes with his last work of all, the Northampton 'Adoration' and the 'Holy Family' in the Mantegna Chapel at Mantua, only that in our picture she is at once haughty and disconsolate.

"Thus here, as everywhere, Mantegna remains true to a style formed in his youth which suffered but little alteration. There are few works, however, in which change is more visible than here. It was, in the measure that it was progressive, change above all to a warmer coloring and to a more pagan, more imperially Roman vision of the world."

Edward I. Farmer
5 West 56th St., New York

Invites attention to a very
Interesting Collection

Ming Pottery and
Blanc de Chine Figures

of the Ming, Kang-hsi and Kien-Lung
Periods, together with other important

Chinese
Art Treasures

Arlington Galleries
MODERN PAINTINGS

Characteristic Examples
of the
Hudson River School
Always on View

January 3rd to 15th, 1916

Exhibition of
Pictures of the Arctic and
Antarctic Zones

by
F. W. STOKES

274 Madison Avenue
Between 86th and 90th Streets, New York

Goupil & Co. OF
Water Color
Fac-Similes

Gifts: Engravings
Photogravures

Black & White and in Color
Fine Art Books
AND

ROOKWOOD POTTERY
58 W. 45th St. Between 5th
& 6th Aves

John Levy
14 East 46th Street

Opposite
The Ritz-Carlton

HIGH
CLASS
Paintings

THE
EHRICH GALLERIES

707 Fifth Avenue, at 55th St

Annual Exhibition
Paintings Of Merit

by the
Lesser-Known Masters

MONTROSS GALLERY
CÉZANNE

EXHIBITION

January 3rd to 31st

550 Fifth Avenue, above 45th Street

Exhibition of Paintings
by
PICASSO

African Negro Art

Daily 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

MODERN GALLERY

500 Fifth Ave., Cor. 42 St.—Room 104

WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERY

47 WASHINGTON SQUARE

WORKS BY ROUSSEAU, PICASSO,

GRIS, BRAQUE, LEGER, RIVERA,

BRENNER, DERAIN, GALANIS, DE

VLAMINCK, CHIN YIN AND OTHERS.

REPRODUCTIONS OF ANCIENT AND

MODERN ART.

FREDERICK A. LAWLOR

300 Madison Ave., N. W. Cor. 41st Street. Tel-Murray Hill 9369.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTINGS

Old Porcelains, Old English Silver and Sheffield Plate, Antique and Modern Furniture.

Estates and Collectors wishing to dispose of Paintings and Objects of Art at private sale, can be accommodated on a consignment basis.